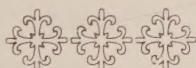


February, 1959

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THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

(Chinese)

The Holy Cross Magazine

Feb.



1959

A Quinquagesima Sermon

BY DAVID B. COLLINS

THIS SUNDAY before Lent, when we are considering the time appointed for the proper preparation for a new life in the Resurrection of Christ, the Church has put things in the right perspective that reminds us of the first place that love must take in our lives—real, Christian love. So today seemed as good a time as any, as we are considering the Seven Capital Sins, for a double feature of two that fit together rather well—Gluttony and Lust. First, let's take up Gluttony.

A glutton—is one who eats voraciously, and also according to Mr. Webster, one who eats himself in any way. Also, a vile wretch, a scoundrel, or the like.

With gluttony, as with the rest, let us all understand that it is an *inordinate* desire, a desire out of order, that we are dealing with here. Strictly it has nothing to do with either measure or quantity. It has to do with order and with reason, in regard to the pleasures of taste and the use of things and the love of people,—as lust, which we will deal with

later, is concerned with especially with people and the sexual side of taste.

There is great variety in the deadly and capital sin of Gluttony—and yet the picture of the person the devil puts in our thoughts as a glutton (just so we won't recognize ourselves) doesn't have too much reality. The great, oafish hog swimming up to his ears in food and drink, throwing half-eaten chickens over his left shoulder, is really out of line. The vomitoriums that ancient architects built into the mansions of Pompeii, for example (where I have seen them), are no longer in even our more fashionable houses.

But, strictly speaking, as we said, Gluttony has nothing to do with quantity. It can be committed in the desert without even a dry crust of bread at hand (by desire), or over a modern breakfast—with a weight of one and one-half ounces.

Look at the variety of it—at the kitchen nibbler, so hungry and anxious to get at it that he can't wait for the blessing to begin to nibble and nibble and nibble. There's the

gourmand to whom God and country come after the careful and anxious preparation of every step of the food that is to grace his table. (I'm sure there are times when the cooks at the Academy and Gailor are convinced the world is composed of gourmands.) Look at the dainty and "fancy" one to whom an undisguised piece of meat is sin beyond telling. Recall the man who eats by the dollar sign, always ordering the most expensive, not because he is terribly fond of it, but because it is so rare, or so right.

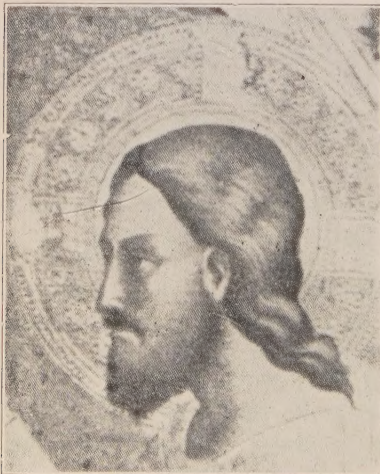
Remember the definition—an inordinate, out-of-bounds of reason desire for the pleasures of the senses. I suppose hearing and smelling and seeing could come in here too, but, for purposes of this sin, the senses of the mouth and belly seem more important.

But, it certainly doesn't take quantity. Take the finicky eater, who cannot eat a piece of toast unless the butter is just so and he'll take a two and three-quarter minute egg, who can't sleep outside of his own little bed, and can't eat outside of his own little cooking habits. Usually for him, the "pleasures" of the sense of taste are no longer pleasureable.

And this applies to drink, too. You'll tell me it's out of character for a preacher; that over-eating cannot be compared for one minute to over-drinking. But they can be compared. The ultimate crime is for us

creatures to turn our backs on God and His love, and if truffles and toast will do it, they are just as bad as Haig and Haig or Earl Times. The essential evil is the subordination of reason and spirit to the mastery of the flesh. Flesh is king, and reason and that separate us from lesser animals are spurned. We're telling God He made a mistake in giving us the gift of humanity, and throwing His gift back in His face.

Drunkenness does just that. Deliberate drunkenness is not something cute or quaint or okay if you can afford it. It's mortal sin for anyone, because it involves the loss of the use of reason. We're learning today in secular terms that even rare over-indulgence drinking is a dangerous proposition. First it is dangerous because every drinker is a potential alcoholic, and everyone who drinks at all runs the risk (if he or she continues to drink) of some day turning from casual drinking to symptomatic to addictive drinking. Second, the continued and uninterrupted use of drink close to the edge of the loss of control, almost inevitably brings a brutalization of outlook, a partial loss of control, and the making of gross material of one's whole life. The English have a word for it, and "pub-crawling" as a vocation is not designed to produce holy men and women of God, and that's clear to anyone who has the guts to give it a minute's thought. Two quick comments: The proper use of the subject of discussion is in the sacrament of Christian friendship, not as a medicinal narcotic. The proper attitude may well come close to that of that paradoxical character, G. K. Chesterton, who once announced with utterly serious hilarity in the Fleet Street pub that he was going to leave after he had drunk a pint of bitters to the glory of God.



The key evil is self-deifying indulgence, not *pleasure in itself*. We use the word "inordinate" constantly. That is the key. God designed things that to eat and to drink are full of pleasure, and they keep the individual's life going. He designed another powerful pleasure to keep the race going, which we deal with later. And there is nothing wrong with either pleasure in the slight

This was the scandal of Aristotle to the intellectual philosopher of his day, I think, it is no less the scandal of real Christianity to the Unitarian. If God hadn't wanted us



SAINT MATHIAS — Feb. 24th

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Bequest of Maitland Fuller Griggs, '43)

enjoy eating and drinking, he wouldn't have created us so that we would naturally enjoy them.

Well, then, what is wrong with gluttony?

(A) It crucifies Christ by saying that the desires of our flesh are more important than anything He wants. (B) It overturns what God intends our life to be—and we are ruled by our bodies instead of being able to use our bodies as instruments of His will.

Gluttony can be conquered and must be conquered if we are to grow into the healthy Christ-life that is our destiny. And our regular sin-conquerer still works—sorrow, confession, satisfaction, absolution, intention for the future, new life.

Some specific suggestions.

1. The church orders us to Fast and this is why. There has probably never been an age when everybody thought that fasting was such a joke as in our own age. No comic is complete without his standard stock-in-trade of Friday fish stories. Most people do not fast, and regard those who do keep the Church's rules as freaks. Even those Protestant groups who tend to sneer are out of line. If they knew their own history, they would realize how their own founders looked on fasting with reverence, and used it wisely in their own lives. If a parish priest teaches it, he is apt to be told that he is "High-Church" or "Roman," as if people couldn't read the good, clear English that is unmistakably in the Prayer Book. It isn't High Church, or any other special kind of Church. Our Lord fasted, and if He found need to, that ought to answer the questions about fasting for you and me.

The funny thing is that it is practised on medical grounds today by many who call it dieting. It is even used by those who would attempt to conquer the sin of gluttony by the sin of vanity, thinking of their "figures."

If you'll look in the front of the Prayer Book, you'll see that the Church, for our own good, **REQUIRES** fasting and abstinence, which mean doing without food, in whole or in part, as regards either quantity or quality. No details are given, but it is required.

Now, no one likes to fast, and every one especially dislikes being told he *must* fast, but that is the situation we are in. And until we learn the evil of self-indulgence, and how often we find our whole lives weak and insipid, not by any great murder, but by the myriad self-pushing and self-weakening sins of gluttony—until we learn these facts, we will not soon come close to our Saviour, the Christ. The Church says fast. Obey her.

II. Learn how to mortify taste *joyfully* and *hiddenly*. The fasts we are commanded to observe are not done to be seen of men,

and must not be done in order to be seen. But they are not secrets. Sometimes interesting things happen from convinced fasting; Brotherly love and charity always dispense from outward fasts, of course.

But the secret ways can be more effective. Our Lord gave us one of the best—"Eat what is set before you" (Luke 10:8). See your neighbor gets the portion he likes, and be happier than if you had it. Now, if you are going to be a "Christian martyr" over all this, and feel self-righteous, then for heaven's sake go ahead and be a glutton. It is pretty awful to be a hog, but better a hog than a devil.

III. Love Christ, His commands, His fasting, His temptation for us. Search His riches and all He has given to us, and realize that if in this little matter we cannot serve Him and curb our self-indulgence, we are most ungrateful servants.

And now, just a few words about LUST, the inordinate desires, words, and actions of a sexual nature. Remember three things to begin with—

A. Sex is Holy and Honourable. God in the beginning created us male and female; this isn't sentiment or an ideal, but a fact. The instrument of the violin is violin and bow. It's part of our nature; don't deny it.

B. Second, the standard Christ sets is uncomfortably clear. It is complete abstinence or life-long fidelity in Holy Matrimony—and that's it. Anything against that has the result of keeping God and His love from being effective in our lives.

C. Third, in no other field is it more necessary to distinguish between temptation, which is not sin, and sin itself. Sin requires consent, our consent. Sometimes thoughts come unbidden, like guests at the door. We can't control their coming; we can control whether they are invited in to stay.

Probably much more need not be said about the sin. This is one sin it is almost

worse to over-emphasize than under-emphasize. For a general cure, the great masters of life make it clear that counsel, help and confession, with a regular use of the sacraments are the basic steps.

Briefly, the three specific suggestions for this troubling and shaming part of what is designed to be one of the glories of life.

A. When tempted, RUN AWAY. Any time you stand boldly to fight, I predict you will lose. Avoid temptation, whatever that may mean for you; it is apt to be different for different personalities. It may mean company, people, friends, certain groups, books, movies, situations. I don't know what your danger is, but you do. We ask not to be led into temptation; in regard to this, we must run in the opposite direction. Avoid a frontal attack; run instantly away—toward God.

B. Second, get some sound knowledge of the subject. There is no other subject on which people think that they have more sound information, and on which they have less. Study and learn from worthy guides. Uncounted hours of agony might be saved by a real knowledge of those often-made fun-of "facts of life"—most people know only the prejudices, and the wrong folk tales. For example, nothing is more common than for us to feel in times of tension that the devil is right—there will never be an end to this. A. A. is smarter; every alcoholic knows that he simply does not have the power to swear off forever—so he does it one day at a time. That is, by God's grace, within his power. Never do we come closer to complete failure than when we listen to the plausible whisper of the devil—it will always be like this; it will go on forever. It won't.

C. Third, (the real answer) love the flesh, strong and furious and tremendously virile purity of Christ. May the devils of hell dare the spineless, sexless, ascetic, effeminate pictures of purity as a negative thing, thin and weak and pale. Our Christ was a vigorous man in every respect, as every pure saint is in health. Christ was tempted in every way

we are, and that includes the sexual. In His life hid in God there was no more room for rebellion in this part of His nature than in any other. Would you call Him injured, downtrodden? His was a creative, not a sterile life.

The real answer to these disordering sins, if we believe Christ, they are *not* the result of desperate, is the order brought out of

the shining and burning love of God, who stoops to meet us in what is now the glorious flesh of our bodies, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. The real answer is to see that love, respond to it with the deepest answer our lives can give—the deep love for Christ, all of Christ—not just His comfort, but His Cross—not just His sheltering Love, but the purity of that love for us—without limit, without measure, without price.

Alfred -- Soldier, Statesmen, Scholar, Saint

BY ELIZABETH R. WATERS

*Gather up the fragments that remain
that nothing be lost."*

No one could have taken the scriptural position more seriously than Alfred the Great of England. Constantly harassed, during his reign, by fierce Danish invaders, Alfred took the fragments of civilization remaining from the smoking ruins of the invaders' pillaging fires and fashioned them into instruments of rejuvenation for his beleaguered England at a time when all seemed lost—even hope itself.

The time of Alfred's birth seems hazy to historians as well as the date of his death, but it is generally conceded that he was born in Wantage around the year 848 and that he died on the twenty-sixth of October about 900 A. D.

Be that as it may, we are positive that he ascended the English throne in the year 871, after the preceding reigns of his three brothers Ethelbald, Ethelbert and Ethelred, with the laudable resolve to spend his reign doing his utmost for his people and striving to "live worthily" so that when death overtook him, men might hold him in remembrance for his "good works."

Alfred's parents were pious people and set the stage for their son's potential sainthood. Alfred's father was King Ethelwulf, son of the great Eckbert who is recognized, chronologically, as the first king of a unified English nation, and his mother was a devout lady by the name of Osburh, to whom Alfred owed many of the fine qualities which made him great.



ST. MARY'S, WANTAGE

At the tender age of five, Alfred was sent to Rome and put in the care of Pope Leo IV who became his spiritual father. There, he was confirmed and anointed by the Pope in such a way as to cause historians to think that the young lad was destined to be a great king, notwithstanding the fact that all three of his brothers were closer to the throne in ascendancy. This mysterious anointing may have been, however, some sort of titular dignity conferred upon the young prince possibly to insure his right to the throne in the event of his brothers' deaths. It is recorded that the move on the part of the Pope was sanctioned by that ancient Saxon governing body known as the Witenagemot. This body of "wise men" seemed to believe, as did the Pope, that Alfred would someday be king of England. Strangely enough, this conjecture was not without some foundation, for Alfred actually did outlive the three brothers and succeed them!

When Alfred returned to England some years later, his good mother had died and his father had married the lady Judith, a girl who was more like Alfred's sister than his stepmother. This marriage seems to have taken place after King Ethelwulf had made a pilgrimage to Rome bringing his young son home with him, the child's mother having died in the interim. According to historians, Alfred seems to have made two journeys to Rome—one when he was very, very young, and the other in his older boyhood, accompanied by his father.

Alfred's stepmother, the young Judith, was hardly more than a playmate to Alfred, and had he not received the early training of his devout and saintly mother, Alfred's life might have been totally different.

It is recorded that Alfred received very little education until his twelfth year, but this may have meant that he did not possess a knowledge of Latin. It is assumed that he could read and write the language of the Anglo-Saxons acceptably and it is recorded that his mother taught him, as a little boy, the poetry and music of his race. However, up until the time of his marriage to the lady

Ealhswith in the year 868 and until he ascended the throne, it seems that there was much to be desired in the manner and scope of his formal education.

Little is said of Alfred's married life. We can reasonably assume, however, that each of his five children, three of whom were girls, were taught the precepts of their faith. This is borne out by the fact that one of his daughters became a notable abbess.

In fact, the keynote of Alfred's life was nobility of character and deep, personal piety. Alfred did not willingly wage wars. He was essentially a man of peace and it would seem that it would serve no useful purpose to give a detailed account of his seemingly endless wars with the Danes. Only a brief resumé is necessary, for the reader if he is so inclined, need only to turn the pages of history for a minute description of Alfred's numerous battles and the battles his father and brothers fought before he came to the throne.

Suffice it to say, the Danes were a formidable foe—a Pagan foe—fiercely opposed to the gentle tenets of the Christian faith. In fairness to them, however, it might be said that they had an invincible ignorance of anything having to do with the teachings and principles of our holy faith and did not care to cease their program of pillage, murder and rapine long enough to learn. Their thunderous, lustful, avenging Norse gods were all they knew or cared about.

It was not until the Peace of Wedmore that the Danes invading England actually felt the impact of Christianity. They learned that a victorious army and its conqueror need not be cruel, especially with prisoners of war. When they encountered this fair-haired, blue-eyed Saxon king with his noble bearing and with a face dauntless, yet kindly, and saw him stand before their swaggering, blasphemous, barbarous and terrifying leaders, the Danish hosts must have come to the conclusion that here was a man who should have a place among the gods. For it was this Peace of Wedmore, that one of their dread leaders, the fierce Guthrum, not only

surrendered his sword to Alfred, but his life to Christ, the Prince of Peace!

To Alfred, this was a double victory. He had not only broken the backbone of the Danish invasions but had invaded the mind and heart of his would-be conqueror by his kindly Christian influence, and, by the alchemy of faith and persistence, turned a conqueror into a friend.

But we must keep in mind that this victory—like all victories—did not come at once. Alfred had fought long and desperately. He had fought as a young prince before his brother Ethelred had died in the midst of the struggle, and it had taken many years of planning and of seemingly fruitless fighting and bitter retreats before even a semblance of peace could be realized.

So, let us review—not the endless wars and frustrating defeats of Alfred's long and weary conflict with the Danes—but concentrate, instead, on his victories, for it is of his victories as soldier, statesman, scholar and saint with which we are most concerned.

Briefly, his military achievements were the defeat of his enemies at Ashdown in 871, their defeat at Edington in 878, resulting in the Treaty of Chippenham—at which time Guthrum withdrew from Wessex and became a Christian—and the Treaty of Wedmore in 886, sometimes called Alfred and Guthrum's Peace whereby the Danes were given a territory to occupy called the Dane-law, north of the Thames, and whereby they were, many years hence, incorporated into English life.

There were lulls in the battles, off and on during those terrible years, lulls in which Alfred seemed to appease the enemy, but which were, in fact strategic times in which Alfred used all his genius to prepare for greater attacks and to recuperate his forces. These were real breathing spells and not helpless retreats from a seemingly overwhelming foe.



ST. GILBERT — Feb. 4th



Pray for the soul of

Father McVeigh Harrison, O. H. C.

Departed this life, January 27, 1959

May he rest in peace. Amen.

It was during one of these breathing spells when Alfred seemed to be in hiding in the swamps of Athelney, that the charming legend of the burning cakes is reputed to have occurred. History does not attach much importance to this legend, but it is important giving a significant insight into Alfred's to the hagiologist from the standpoint of its character—revealing some of his most endearing qualities, namely, his deep humility, his geniality, his sweetness of disposition. One can almost picture him smiling in quiet amusement over the berating of the old peasant woman who did not dream that she was scolding her king!

Legend though it may be, there well may be some truth in it, for Alfred wandered in lane and ditch, pillaged hamlet, wood and swamp, as hungry, as ragged and disconsolate as his unfortunate poor. He might very well have taken refuge in a peasant's hut, been given the task of watching cakes over a primitive fire, and, because there burned in his heart a livelier fire for the welfare of England and her people, he well may have let the cakes burn! Out of their charred remains, there well may have arisen the hopes and dreams of a new, revitalized England!

This legend leads us further into the contemplation of Alfred's unsung sainthood. He used every fragment of life—broken and shredded as these fragments were—to rebuild all that evil forces had tried so tenaciously to destroy. He literally took our Lord at His word by doing what the disciples were told to do, simply to "gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." This is the stuff that saints are made of. Saints are always rebuilding what evil men destroy—patiently, painstakingly, quietly, without ostentation or fanfare and, sometimes, in a tiny niche tucked away in an obscure, unlooked-for spot where no candle of human sympathy or understanding is ever lighted. These are our unsung, unheralded, uncanonized saints!

There are saints who are reputed to have done wonderful things, whose holiness has caused signs and wonders in earth and sky.

There are saints who have received the stigmata, and saints who go without food for an amazing period of time. But the saint that the people in the pews should know are the saints who don't know that they are saints, the saints who do their God-given duty with all their hearts and minds and souls and who do it cheerfully. Have you a saint in your pew?

Alfred was one of these quiet, plodding saints. He had no time for "visions," so busy was he in the work God had given him to do. Often weary, and afflicted, as the great St. Paul was, with a "thorn in his flesh," our saint was granted few visions, but he had a vision—and there is a difference! He had a practical turn of mind—not a visionary mind—but a mind attuned, by the love of God, to the vision of a holy vocation, a vocation not only to save England, but a dedication of himself and his people to the things of God.

With a supreme faith that God would direct his thinking and keep the vision clear, Alfred turned his care and attention to the safe-guarding and future well-being of his people. We learn that he succeeded in organizing a navy by creating a fleet of a hundred ships for mastery of the Channel and that he conceived and carried out the idea of dividing the army into three parts, namely, one remaining at home subject to call, another to maintain garrison and still another to be in active service. If the old legend of the cakes is true, and Alfred had been thinking of these things, wonder the cakes burned!

Never a seeker of conquest, but ever a defender, Alfred did not relinquish his efforts, when peace was finally gained, to fortify England against future invasions. So he established forts and garrisons at certain strategic points, and laid the obligations of thanehood on all landowners of five hides, measures, of land in order to give their moor arch the nucleus of well-equipped troops for a strong standing army. He also strengthened the Navy, which he had hurriedly organized in times of war, as an invincible front against future marauding invaders. Since Alfred's time, the British Navy has



THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE

by Giovanni de Paolo

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art,
Gift of George Blumental, 1941)

readily grown in power and prestige and, today, presents a formidable front to all potential enemies seeking to destroy the freedom so stoutly maintained and so indispensable to every British soul.

Having provided military protection and sound government, Alfred turned in earnest to education. The lack of learning was appalling!

First, he planned to go to school himself, bringing in such scholars as Grimbold, a French priest from St. Omer whom he asked to preside over an abbey which he had founded at Winchester. John—the “Old-saxon,” from the Westphalian Abbey, to

rule over a monastery raised in the marshes of Athelney which he had reared in gratitude for deliverance from the Danes, and Asser, a Welsh priest, who consented to leave the Welsh people and minister to the Saxons six months out of every year.

Imbibing all these scholars could give him with a view to spreading this knowledge among the people, he wrote, with charming self-abnegation—“Do not blame me if any know Latin better than I, for every man must say what he says and do what he does according to his ability.”

However, it didn't take him long to learn. He must have had a prodigious memory, and

what he could not remember, he jotted down in a little notebook he always carried with him.

In due course of time, he learned to translate the classics of his day, among them the *Consolation of Philosophy* of Boethius and the *Pastoral* of Pope Gregory. But his greatest contribution lies in his compilation of Orosius, the only accessible book of universal history, the history of his own people by the Venerable Bede, and the *Saxon Chronicle*. All these works were put into the language of the people in a simple style. As Green the historian says—"His large-hearted nature flung off its royal mantle, and he talked as man to men." It is said that English history practically began with Alfred and that he created English literature.

He next started a school in court for the instruction of young boys of nobility, and tried to do all he could to instruct the very poor and unlearned. This he did through the education of his clergy, establishing monasteries as places of learning through which the underprivileged might find enlightenment. He decreed that every free-born youth who possessed the means should "abide at his book until he can well understand English writing."

Nor were the arts and music neglected. Historians say that he learned the songs of his race by heart in spite of many cares. In the little notebook he constantly carried in his bosom, he jotted down, here and there, a bit of family genealogy, a prayer, a legend, translated tales of heathen mythology and, in moments of deep sorrow, "brooded" over the "music of the psalms."

We see his astuteness as a statesman. He recognized the centrality of the city of Rome, and its political importance at that time of the world's history. We know that he regularly sent Peter's Pence to the Roman See and in turn received a number of favors from the Pope in behalf of his country. He also sent gifts, we are told, to the Holy Patriarch of Jerusalem, with whom he was in corres-

pondence, and was also granted favors for England's welfare from that worthy prelate. Nothing was too good for England!

"Yet, Alfred's personal piety was never destroyed by this political astuteness, nor his integrity questioned. His unblemished life and "moral grandeur" was recognized by prelates, people in high places, peasantry, friends and foes, and his unswerving faith and devotion to his high calling under God served as a beacon light to the English people he loved and served so well.

Undoubtedly, Alfred was a devoted son of the then undivided Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. He was not torn, as many an Englishman would be torn in subsequent generations, by our most "unhappy divisions. Christendom was, physically, one in those days—the Pope, or Bishop of Rome enjoying a "supremacy among equals."

In early boyhood, Alfred, it is true, had been the spiritual son of His Holiness, Pope Leo IV. Yet, we think of Alfred as being essentially an English churchman, English churchmanship and English history being so closely interwoven as to seem to have sprung from twin roots. We cannot disassociate Alfred, Saxon as he was, from the inheritance of the old Celtic Christianity established by St. Cuthbert, St. Columba, and the other Celtic saints who preceded the Augustinian mission to Britain, nor can we ignore his absorption into the past glories of this ancient church grafted and deeply rooted in British soil as it was. How could he escape such an influence?

That he, himself, was grafted and rooted in English soil, became a part of English traditions, and, in a very real sense, actually *became* England in his deep devotion to all of her institutions, is evident in his very real concern for the English Church. He is known to have said, in this connection—"When I began to reign, I cannot remember one who could explain his service-book in English."

is not difficult to discern from this statement the fact that Alfred was not willing that the people should be mystified by the language of the scholars, namely, Latin. He wanted them to know the translation of the Latin so that the liturgy of the Church would be comprehensible to them, and not a mere mumble-jumble of half-literate priests. He deeply desired that both clergy and laity would know the meaning of all that was said or sung about their holy faith, and he made it his business to see that they did.

Whatever the reader's criteria for sainthood may be, let us consider the four tests of eligibility for canonization of saints in the Roman Communion given by one of her most saintly communicants, the late Baron Friedrich von Hugel, and discern for ourselves how Alfred measures up. They are:

1. Strong adherence to the Faith
2. Extraordinary courage in the face of obstacles
3. Evidences of the miraculous
4. Deep sense of Christian joy

While we cannot presume, in any sense of the word, to limit God's power by doubting such miracles as those at Lourdes and Our Lady of Fatima, let us not lose sight of the fact that the essentials of sainthood can be met through less spectacular means and events. Is not the living of a completely holy life a miracle?

The saintly Baron von Hugel listed as a "must" in his four essentials, Christian joy. A saint, above all things, says he, must be consistently radiant. And it is in being consistent in all these essentials, especially in the quality of Christian joy, that the marks of a real saint shine through.

Alfred seems to have possessed all of the qualifications necessary for sainthood. No one can deny that his saving of England—both from the Danes and from her almost hopeless illiteracy—was nothing short of a miracle. Nor can one doubt, for a moment, Alfred's extraordinary courage in times of

weary waiting as well as in times of immediate action. As to his strong adherence to the Faith, could the saving of England and all it implies have been accomplished in his own strength alone?



CHRIST BLESSING CHILDREN

by Pacecco de Rosa (?)

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Gift of Eugene Boross, 1927)

Alfred goes down in history as "England's Darling," her valiant soldier, statesman, scholar and saint. This is no shallow sentimentality. The Anglo-Saxon race is too reserved for that, its sensibilities too deep, its outward expressions of deep emotion and inward depth too modest, too retiring. The expression flows out unbidden, however, from English hearts, overflowing and inundating every wall of reserve. Alfred was, and is, "England's Darling" because of the overabundance of Christian joy in his own generous, noble and loving heart—a joy which knew no bounds and overflowed from its deepest source into the hearts of his people, and into the hearts of generations of people to come.

Now, this radiant Christian joy which reflects so many endearing facets of the great king's saintly character comes down to us in the pages of history—cold, printed pages of fact—Alfred's sunny disposition, Alfred's kindly humor, Alfred's touching humility and Alfred's endless patience and compassion.

What shall we do about Alfred—we Anglicans with our inheritance of a Christianity so painstakingly brought to a once "heathen" land to take root and be nourished there?

We have no machinery for the canonization of our saints. We can only claim them by common consent. What criteria for sainthood do we demand—signs, phenomena, such as the stigmata, levitations, movements of the sun and moon, wondrous cures of disease, important as this latter can be? Or do we count a life well lived—a life of consistent Christian radiance—a life "lived worthily" as our criterion?

Alfred has slowly won his way into our Anglican Calendar of Saints and his name is

commemorated on our altars at the Holy Eucharist, on "his day." But what of future saints? Will unsung, uncanonized, unheralded saints of Alfred's caliber be recognized by Anglicans in the future? And what type of sainthood appeals to those of us in the pews—those of us who are sinning, repenting, plodding, ordinary, everyday, Christ-redeemed Christians along the way?

Someone has thrown us out a challenge and it is fitting that we close Alfred's story with a recital of it.

"Why were the saints, saints?

Because they were cheerful when it was difficult to be cheerful; patient when it was difficult to be patient; and because they pushed on when they wanted to stand still, and kept silent when they wanted to talk, and were agreeable when they wanted to be disagreeable. That was all.

It was quite simple and always will be.

A Plea For A Return To Plainsong In Anglican Liturgical Worship

BY JOHN PATRICK GRAHAM

Esthetic and Liturgic Reasons for Plainsong

Plainsong, given its proper and customary place in the act of worshipping God, to which it rightfully and solely belongs, can never suffer the indignity of being either a cast-on or a cast-off art for the reason that it has been from the time of its origin inseparably bound to the liturgy. It sprang from the liturgy and the song grew from the majestic God-wardness of the spoken work, at one with it and serving to clarify and further emphasize the corporate nature of Catholic worship.

Some of the loftiest and most splendid works of art have been those motivated by

Man's desire to glorify God. Therein lies an impetus to strive for the noblest possible expression of adoration to be shared and understood by masses of folk through countless generations. Many of these works of devotion have evolved slowly and, for this reason, are the creation of nameless worshippers, craftsmen, and musicians in unity of purpose and desire. Therefore, unlike secular works of art, they have maintained over the centuries the same serenity, dignity, and fervor of expression which marked their conception and growth. Of such works in the field of architecture one might name the Cathedral of Chartres as recognizably one of the most

tiful. Chartres is delightful to the eye, valuable for itself, but when understood as an act of devotion, from the soaring to the most minute sculptured detail, it becomes meaningful in a way that sets forth the true luster of its beauty. There is nothing ornamental, nothing purely decorative, nothing superficial; it is at one with the prayers and songs of praise and devotion which continue to take place within. So it is with plainsong.

Approached from the point of view of the musician or esthetician, plainsong is satisfying and is often classified as one of the most perfect of all forms of music, but its esthetic qualities are so inseparably bound with religious worship that, like Chartres, it cannot be analyzed under the sterile gaze of the artist without some degree of confusion as to its true values. This is the contention of Dom Joseph Gajard:

... (such) musicians, amateurs, or esthetic sensation seekers do not understand it, and misrepresent it, in trying to make it say what by its very nature it cannot say, they end unconsciously by making a travesty of it, preventing it from appearing that which it is.¹

In another place he says:

Gregorian chant, however beautiful we may judge it to be, is not primarily an art. It is primarily a matter of prayer, and by it we are raised at once to the consideration of things on the supernatural plane. If it dealt simply with pure music or natural aesthetics, ought a monk to leave his cell in its service?²

The adverse criticism directed at plainsong, especially by those who insist that modern tastes in music have ruled it out, seems to be aimed principally at the

unqualified and unsoftened primitive strength of its modal framework, and to its darkness of color resulting from its modal tones, characteristics which florid, sentimental Romanticism does not understand and consequently terms queer and archaic. As Dom Gregory Sunol, also a Benedictine, so aptly puts it:

If the modern world is ill equipped for appreciating Gregorian music on the aesthetic side, it is at least equally so on the religious; when plainsong is condemned as melancholy is it not generally by those who are themselves out of tune with the old spirit of holy fear and contrition?³

As for the liturgical fitness of plainsong, it seems that melodies that have lived over a thousand years in the worshipping of God need no further recommendation. However, since plainsong has become so remote from the music of today and is heard superficially for the most part even in the Church, it continues to have its adversaries also in the field of liturgics.

One of the most important arguments in favor of plainsong as a fitting vehicle for the worship of God is its folklike character in which the stamp of an individual's personality is missing, just as the stamp of individual personality is missing from the liturgy itself. Dom Gregory Sunol comments:

... in the face of this the chant is felt at once to be so austere impersonal, so coldly tranquil ... It is with a shock that is not altogether agreeable that we realize that our poor little emotions, our hectic joy or fretful woe, must be transcended and sacrificed in accomplishing the work of liturgic praise.⁴

In plainsong the Church has a priceless musical heritage which was evolved and developed at the same time the text was

¹Dom Joseph Gajard, "Music and Prayer", *Commonweal*, XX (June 1934), p. 120.

²Gajard, *The Rhythm of Plainsong*, (New York: Fischer Press, 1943), p. vii.

³Dom Gregory Sunol, *Textbook on Gregorian Chant*, (New York: McLaughlin and Reilly Company), p. vii.

⁴*Ibid.*



formulated, and is therefore at one with the corporate nature and the doctrinal implications of the liturgy. With a compelling dignity and a classical simplicity of expression plainsong is as suited to the liturgical expression of contemporary worship as it was to the worship of the Early Christians who brought it into being.

At a time when the Christian liturgy influenced a worshipper's everyday actions, indeed when most of the daily work and festival activities were devoted to God, plainsong could almost be said to be the language of life itself, a life whose center was truly the worship of God. It is this thought which is well expressed by the music historian, Cecil Gray, in his tribute to plainsong:

And if to the enormous importance of the part which Gregorian Chant played in the history, not only of music but of all the arts, we add that which it played in mediaeval life generally, and consider how, for example, the chant which was used on a particular day would be cited in statutes and chronicles as a means of dating an event; how official ceremonies and public observances of all kinds were celebrated to its solemn and majestic strains; how it accompanied cleric and layman, from the cradle to the grave—then indeed we begin to realize the overwhelming cultural significance of this great . . . song.⁵

If plainsong can be characterized as an exalted and noble musical expression it is because it became at the same time the noblest and most lofty expression of devotion to God, expressed musically.

(To be continued)

⁵Cecil Gray, *The History of Music*, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1935), p. 23.



Window in
Chartres Cathedral

The Way Of The Cross For Aged

BY LAURA TYLER WRIGHT

The Way of the Cross is the perfect type of the final path in life for all of us who follow Jesus. It was His last journey and led Him directly to the spot where He died. It will take all the faith and goodness that we have acquired through God's Grace to make that

journey from Station to Station, to our earthly end.

Let us see in our Lord's sacred footsteps to Calvary how we are to meet the very special trials of old age.

I

JESUS IS CONDEMNED TO DEATH

There will come a day when I will be told, made to see, or feel that my usefulness is at an end in this life, that I must step aside and let others assume whatever I have been doing. It may come as a doctor's verdict—the incurable disease and a certain time to live, or through some crippling accident, or, as likely, and harder to accept, through the gradually accumulated mistakes I have made by fading memory and failure to take heed of my "job."

This is loneliness indeed. Let me feel sympathy for those I know who are already in this case. Let me help their acceptance of it.

Grant me, O Lord, when it comes to me, to accept it with resignation and with hope. Help me to accept it "grace-fully." Amen

II

JESUS BEARS HIS CROSS

How shall I ever bear mine? This verdict that my life in this world is coming to an end, this fact of being shelved by younger people who eagerly and capably take my place? Our Lord bore His Cross in love and meekness and steadfast courage and faith. Oh, that I may do the same,—to stand back voluntarily and become very small, to be as little trouble as possible, to remember not to criticize the ways I see followed, and to recall that everyone must learn for himself; to be sweet and speak only to praise and encourage those who are now up and doing. My Cross, in whatever form it comes, will require of me all the fortitude and patience and faith and love I have ever learned.

Grant me, O loving Lord, when my Cross is laid on me at the end of my work, to remember Thee and ask Thy help. Amen.

III

JESUS FALLS THE FIRST TIME

So shall I,—I may be sure of that. It may come through illness, pain, accident, or some humiliation which makes me realise my incapacity and uselessness. I may know that I am being forgotten, due directly to my age and feelings. Can I receive it in patience and silence, that this is what must come? This sort of failing is falling as He fell,—not losing the weight, but giving way under it for a time.

Let me be able to say to Him:

So be it, dear Lord Jesus; I am old. I am incompetent, and forgetful and foolish,—but I love Thee more and more. That is my secret joy and strength, that I live upon Thy love and trust in Thee. Amen.

IV

JESUS MEETS HIS HOLY MOTHER

In old age, more and more, I understand and sympathize with my own parents. I recall their infirmities of old age and I comprehend more their love for me. I am sad and sorry for everything I ever did that hurt them. I know that they forgive me. I know the time is coming when I shall find them again, and meantime I am blessed more and more with happy memories of my early childhood when they were so close to me and supplied my every need.

Lord Jesus, may I meet my father and mother again, and tell them of my love, united at last in Thine own Holy Family. Amen.

V

THE CROSS IS LAID ON SIMON OF CYRENE

When my cross shall get too heavy, some person will, if I am fortunate, be provided to help me with it. It might be someone near and dear to me, or it might be some stranger, or a neighbor, or someone in an institution, or even someone in a poor-house. Whoever it may be, let me thank God for the help; let

me show love and gratitude towards those who help. Let me realise that they are glad to help me. Let the dear love of Christ shine upon them as on me.

Help me then, dear Lord, to know in their compassion the sign of Thy living love. Amen.

VI

VERONICA WIPES THE FACE OF JESUS

Significantly, just following the need of help to carry His Cross, our Lord's weakness and suffering become noticeably more intense. The good Veronica stepped forward to wipe His face, so marked with blood and suffering, and to relieve, as best she could, His misery. Her kindness was dearer to Him than even the deed itself.

Let me recognise in anyone who is kind in helping me someone moved by God's own loving pity. Let me respond in such a way as may make the helper glad. Old age must be a time when the virtue of receiving is constantly practiced, in love and gratitude and humility. Gratefully, we must allow others to do for us what, in other days, we were doing for them.

I thank Thee, dear Lord Jesus, for Thy dear compassion. Keep me small. Amen.



VII

JESUS FALLS THE SECOND TIME

I, too, shall fall again. It may be through physical weakness, or through childish petulance at accepting my own growing insignificance. Let me be humbly sorry, and humbly hopeful too, and by God's grace gather again my effort to go on in obedience and patience. The way is hard for old feet but, if only my will can endure in its good intention, it is not going to be for much longer. I know the will of the aged does not decrease,—quite the contrary. All we have ever shown of will becomes intensified in this our second childhood. "Guide Thou my will!" The young child learning to walk can only trust himself to take a rushing step or two, steps which are almost falls, and then leans out to reach the hand awaiting him.

So, my dear Lord, be watchful of my effort, and of my struggles and falls,—and reach out Thy hand to clasp me. Amen.

VIII

THE WOMEN OF JERUSALEM MOURN FOR OUR LORD

It may be that as I become more burdened some both to myself and to others, I will hear those about me speak of me with great pity. Let me not resent it in my pride if I am allowed for a time to be the object on which they exercise their compassion, even if that be mingled with cheering reflection for themselves as they contrast my plight with their strength. They cannot realise until they come to it, that very lowly portal which I am being bent down to pass through—to lead at last to endless, measureless light and love, and joy and glory.

O, Lord Jesus, hold Thou my hand, and very close and secret be Thy care of me. Leave me not. Amen.

IX

JESUS FALLS THE THIRD TIME

I may fall a thousand times, and fail in gratitude, hope, charity, faith, lose my pa

ance and fortitude, and be comforted to remember that He fell too, to share all this with us. The one thing left to Him was the love of His Father and the love for all us men. Then He went to Calvary with the Cross that He died not back.

O Lord Jesus, recall me to Thee, every time I fail, and hold me and help me. Be with me to the end. Amen.

X

JESUS IS STRIPPED OF HIS GARMENTS

Often we see old people who are no longer capable of taking care of their own bodies and fighting against the help they must accept in dressing and undressing and bathing. They weep in humiliation and shame to have their nakedness exposed, even to a nurse, or to close relatives. This happens towards the end with most old people and is, no doubt, a relic of lifelong and proper modesty. They must return to the ways of young childhood and yield to care.

Like as a child that is weaned from his mother: yea, my soul is even a weaned child—so grant it, Lord. Amen.

XI

JESUS IS NAILED TO THE CROSS

The time will come at last when I shall be so helpless, so reduced in strength of body and mind, that only one thing yet holds my attention, and that, the business of dying. There I shall be transfixed in utter weakness, and probably suffering, while the process of dying proceeds.

Though every other hand ceases to hold me, may I keep wholly the consciousness of our Lord with me. He will go through the narrow gate with me. He promises this to those who believe on Him. If all else fails me, yet may I, by His Grace, with whatever consciousness I have, rest on Him, call on Him, and know that He is God.

O Saviour of the world, who by Thy Cross and precious Blood hast redeemed us, save me and help me, O Lord. Amen.

XII

JESUS DIES ON THE CROSS

Saying, "It is finished" and "Into Thy hands I commend my spirit," our Lord gave up His earthly life. Sinless and guiltless as He was, there were no regrets. His whole life was an expression of Love, in perfect unity with God His Father, and with unmeasureable love for His fellow men. There was no failure. Every assigned duty had been perfectly done, every word perfectly said.

When the last conscious moments come to me, may I call on His love and forgiveness and be able, in faith and certainty of His unfailing nearness and love, to draw my last breath.

*Be with me in the failing light—
And in the darkness of this night.
O Lord my God. Amen.*

XIII

JESUS IS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS

His body is taken care of by others. Evidently He had left it entirely to them as to what to do, and where they would lay Him.

So let me not be worried by those things which, after all, must be controlled by others and guided by circumstances. God grant that I may be among Christian people where the Church will take care of me. Even if I were not, I can remember in the great War how many thousands who believed in Him died suddenly without any outward observance of Christian burial, but who surely lie safe at rest in Him forever.

In Jesus may I rest in peace. Amen.

XIV

JESUS IS LAID IN THE TOMB

The dread of this I must bridge by faith—for truly the flesh shrinks from it. I must not encourage imagination,—but fix my faith on the Dawn to come, and put my whole

trust in Him. For, "If this were not true, I would not have told you." "I am the Resurrection and the life," saith the Lord, "He that believeth on Me, though he were dead yet shall he live," and "Because I live, ye shall live also."

Come quickly, Lord Jesus. Amen.

In The Master's Vineyard

My pastor is the kindest soul
That ever trod this earth below;
He spreads the sunshine and the peace
That godly love has made him know.

The call of those who ail or pine
His shepherd ear is quick to heed:
No thought of fear—you'll find him there,
No thought of self—where one's in need.

The weak gain faith, to hear his knock,
The mothers smile, the children cheer,
The weathered hat, the unruly lock
Outweigh Potosi's richest mine;

True riches make the heart to sing;
Our padre has them—and to give.
God bless him for the joy he'll bring
To those who need him far and near!

Anonymous

Even So We Speak

BY MARION F. DANE

Thoughts on the Graduals

ASH WEDNESDAY

BE MERCIFUL UNTO ME, O GOD, BE MERCIFUL UNTO ME: FOR MY SOUL TRUSTETH IN THEE.

HE SHALL SEND FROM HEAVENS AND SAVE ME FROM THE REPROOF OF HIM THAT WOULD EAT ME UP.

Lord, I am as ashes before Thee. My soul is turned to dust.

Breath on me with the living fire of Thy Spirit . . .

THE FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT

GOD SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE OVER THEE: TO KEEP THEE IN ALL OF THY WAYS. THEY SHALL BEAR THEE IN THEIR HANDS LEST AT ANY TIME THOU DASH THY FOOT AGAINST A STONE.

Lord, I have sinned; I have sinned. I am the lowest of all Thy creatures and am not worthy of Thy concern.

Shield me from the glory of Thy Love . . .

THE SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT

THE SORROWS OF MY HEART ARE ENLARGED: O LORD, BRING THOU ME OUT OF MY TROUBLES.

LOOK UPON MY ADVERSITY AND MISERY AND FORGIVE ME ALL MY SIN.

Lord, I have wept in the night and longed for Thy consolation. I have erred and searched after Thy forgiveness.

Guide me with Thy light . . .

THE THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT

UP LORD, AND LET NOT MAN HAVE THE UPPER HAND: LET THE HEATHEN BE JUDGED IN THY SIGHT.

WHILE MINE ENEMIES ARE DRIVEN BACK THEY SHALL FALL AND PERISH AT THY PRESENCE.

Lord, Thy world is good, and I have corrupted it. All of creation sings a joyful song and I have destroyed its harmony.

Teach me to walk in Thy Way . . .

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

I WAS GLAD WHEN THEY SAID UNTO ME:
I WILL GO INTO THE HOUSE OF THE LORD.

PEACE BE WITHIN THY WALLS, AND PLENTY
OF RICHES WITHIN THY PALACES.

Lord, Thy Church brings happiness unto
the world, and still I go my way, sorrowing.
Thou brings love, and still I hate.

Encompass my soul with Thy joy . . .

MISSION SUNDAY

DELIVER ME, O LORD, FROM MINE ENEMIES:
TEACH ME TO DO THE THING THAT
PLEASETH THEE.

IT IS THOU, LORD, THAT DELIVEREST ME
FROM MY CRUEL ENEMIES, AND SETTEST ME
ABOVE MY ADVERSARIES: THOU SHALT
DELIVER ME FROM THE WICKED MAN.

Lord, it is in Thee that my soul finds its
rest. It is Thy hand that puts breath into my
body.

Forget not Thy servant who trembles in
Thy Presence . . .

PALM SUNDAY

THOU HAST HOLDEN ME BY MY RIGHT
HAND: THOU SHALT GUIDE ME WITH
THY COUNSEL, AND AFTER THAT RECEIVE ME
WITH GLORY.

TRULY GOD IS LOVING UNTO ISRAEL, EVEN
UNTO SUCH AS ARE OF A CLEAN HEART.
NEVERTHELESS, MY FEET WERE ALMOST
GONE, MY TREADINGS HAD WELL NIGH SLIPT:
AND WHY? I WAS GRIEVED AT THE WICKED,
I DO ALSO SEE THE UNGODLY IN SUCH PROSPERITY.

Lord, I cry unto Thee in Thy majesty. I
bow before Thee as King above all nations.

Fill me with Thy Glory . . .

EASTER

THIS IS THE DAY WHICH THE LORD HATH
MADE: WE WILL REJOICE AND BE GLAD IN IT.

O CLAP YOUR HANDS TOGETHER, ALL YE
PEOPLE: O SING UNTO GOD WITH THE VOICE
OF MELODY.

ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA.

CHRIST OUR PASSOVER IS SACRIFICED FOR
US.

Lord, I am made new before Thee. My
soul is purged in Thy sight.

Save me by Thy Son . . .



Outgoing Mail

Dear Sister,

God bless you.

Would that I could do what you ask and
help you to pray with more *apparent* effec-
tiveness. But I can't.

So, instead of filling three or four pages
of foolscap, I shall simply acknowledge as
much and let it go at that.

However, this much I can do. I can as-
sure you with complete confidence that the
aridity of your prayer-life is *not* the result
of some particular sin or faithlessness on
your part. You are a sinner, like all the rest

of us, and will be till death. In that respect
we are all in the same boat. But I know you
well enough to be sure that no particular or
palpable fault is obstructing your prayer-
life. If anything, the trouble is much more
apt to be that you are over-anxious as to the
existence of such an obstruction and in your
effort to find it out. Possibly, when you
have really accepted the situation and are
willing that it shall continue, if God so wills,
all your days, the cloud will vanish. Perhaps
yes. Perhaps no.

You have, at all events, made an honest

try at every method which has presented itself.

Do you remember that poor guy, Floyd Collins, who was buried inside a hill in the Kentucky mountains—while trying to crawl out through a tunnel. I think I told you about him in the Retreat.

Engineers burrowed down through the side of the hill until, after two weeks, they found him. His body was still warm but dead.

Your situation reminds me of his when he found himself helplessly buried under. Fortunately, however, the Engineer Who is working His way to your rescue is a whole lot different from those other engineers. This One knows His job perfectly—and has it timed perfectly. He understands all the ramifications of your soul—and He knows (what you and I don't) the way in which to bring you up, alive and vigorous, into the sunshine of His Presence.

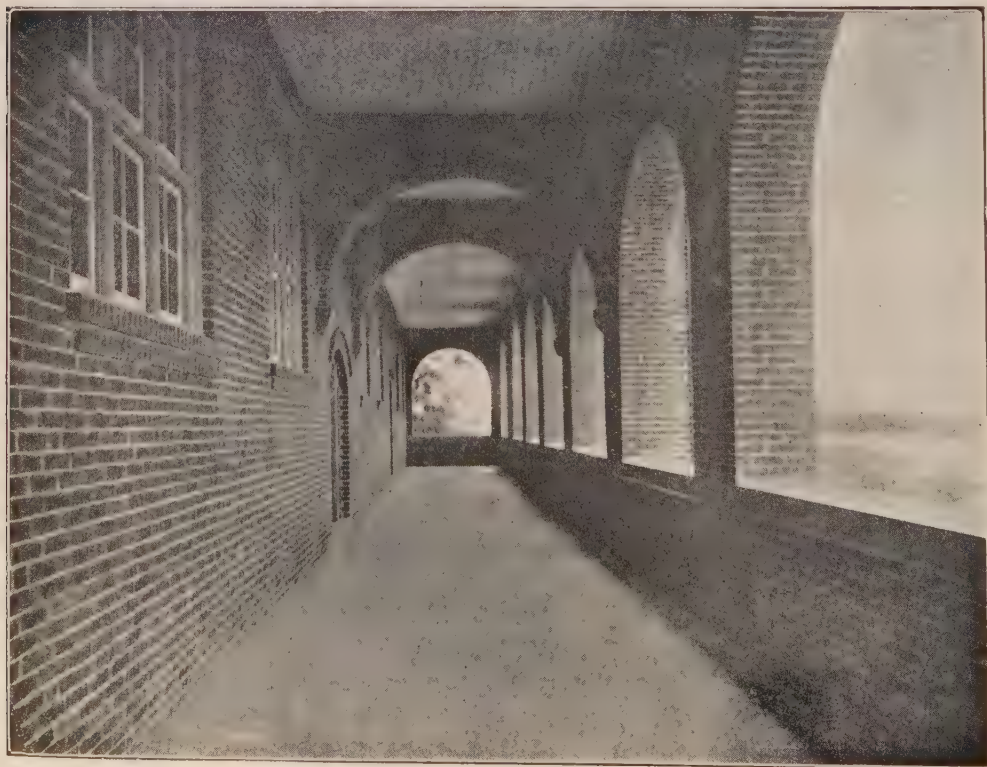
So just go on—doing your best in work and prayer—

I am sorry that I cannot be more helpful. I would gladly write you a *volume* if I thought it would help. But it seems pretty evident that our dear Lord has His own plans for you and that His plan, for the present, is that you shall just struggle along as you are doing. It is a great mark of trust in you, on our Lord's part. Some of us He has to coddle—like frail plants in a hothouse.

The one suggestion, of a practical sort which I have to make is to read Father Augustine Baker's *Holy Wisdom*. It may not help you, but in any case you should read it for it is one of the great classics on Prayer—probably the best of all for those who, like yourself, are in the second stretch of the spiritual life. If it does not help you, nothing will—until our dear Lord decides that it is time to pour fresh light into your soul in a way which is all His Own.

So, I end as I began with God bless you—

And with great love and confidence in our dear Lord,





- Book Reviews -



ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, by Jacques Maritain, \$2.25. (Meridian Books, New York) \$1.35

M. Maritain has evidently absorbed the spirit of the Angelic Doctor. His work deals largely with the philosophy and theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, and in most interesting style. As is generally known, among students, the basic philosophy of the early Christian writers is most commonly that of Plato, to which many of the Eastern Orthodox theologians still adhere. But the men returning to western Europe after the Crusades brought many new and rather startling ideas back with them, those of Aristotle among others. In the thirteenth century God raised up in His Church the Dominican friar Thomas, who by his clear thinking and devoted zeal was able to absorb Aristotle and, so to speak, Christianize him. Those interested in such philosophical problems and developments will find this book of M. Maritain's well worth the reading. We should mention the fact however that the four papal documents extolling St. Thomas and commending him to all in the Latin obedience are not too impressive to a non-Roman student. But M. Maritain's careful study of St. Thomas' works in themselves is excellent, worthy of careful attention.

THE ADVENT PAPERS (Seven of them by various authors); (Forward Movement Publications, Cincinnati, 1948.)

The temptation to grow enthusiastic over modern religious literature is not great. The Forward Movement Publications over the years have done marked service to the Church not only by issuing "Forward Day by Day" but by many striking booklets and quite recently by issuing in attractive form "The Advent Papers." Each of these is by a well-known author, and in short compass says what needs to be said. Alan Paton's "Meditation for a Young Boy Confirmed" is most

moving. C. S. Lewis' "Miserable Offenders" makes one wonder why he ever hesitated to confess his sins. Professor Wold's "What is the Anglican Communion?" is fair as well as appealing. And so we might continue with the other titles, but we must not fail to mention "Toward Self-Discipline," by Father Williams, S.S.J.E., the Superior of the American Cowley Fathers, who dresses asceticism in true though up-to-date garb. The entire set, costing less than a dollar, is well worth reading, and perhaps passing on to some of our friends whose sophisticated egotism has dampened their faith. It is most refreshing to meet in these papers an approach to modern problems which is at once orthodox and sane.

METHODIUS OF OLYMPUS, The Symposium. A Treatise on Chastity. Translated by Herbert A. Mursurille, S.J. (Newman Press, Westminster, Md., 1958). pp. vi + 208. \$3.25.

This comes as volume 27 of "Ancient Christian Writers," the works of the early Fathers of the Church in translation and with copious notes. Dr. Mursurille is to be congratulated for his scholarly product, not only turning the Greek text of this contemporary of Origen's into excellent English, but in his lengthy introduction and many illuminating notes showing a most commendable zeal for making intelligible to modern readers obscure parts of the text and explaining the various classical references. His careful introduction especially commands our attention. — The Symposium is that of ten Christian virgins who meet for a modest out-of-doors repast at the home of one of their number. After the manner of Plato's Dialogues, in turn they extol their vocation. At the end of the tenth Logos they burst into a long chant called "Thecla's Hymn," addressed to our Lord and very beautiful, even in translation, and with the haunting refrain:

Chastely I live for Thee,
And holding my lighted lamps,
My Spouse, I go forth to meet Thee.

We must leave it to others to comment upon Methodius' queer misquotations of Scripture, and his fantastic allegorical interpretations of certain texts. These are critical points beyond the capacity of the present reviewer. But as an early Christian work extolling Chastity and, by implication, the ascetic ideal, it supplies undoubted testimony to the attitude of the Church, even during the years of bitter persecution. We are glad that such a work has become available for English-speaking readers, of whom we hope there will be many. Those of us who are Religious will prize it especially, for it deals with a virtue to which we all are vowed and must safeguard by ever wider circles of defense.

THE ANSWER PAMPHLETS, — (American Church Publications, N. Y., 1958, 347 Madison Ave., New York 17) 10¢ each, \$5.00 per hundred, assorted.

Clear answers to frequently asked questions are provided by a new tract series, the Answer Pamphlets, produced by the Parish Editorial Service and distributed by American Church Publications. The pamphlets, written in a simple, lively style and averaging 1800 words in length, are printed in an at-

tractive 3½"x6" format with colored covers and titles at the top where they are visible in tract racks. The first five tracts are: *Why Pray from a Book?* *Why Have the Holy Communion so Often?* *Who May Come to the Holy Communion?* *Was Jesus Really Born of a Virgin?* *Was Jesus Really Raised from the Dead?*

The idea for the new series was suggested by a young priest in a southern mill town who lamented that he could find no simple tracts giving sound Church teaching in a language that was acceptable and intelligible to his people, many of them former fundamentalists. A questionnaire, listing suggested titles, was sent to a number of clergy who responded with enthusiasm. Many sent contributions to help underwrite the series so that the pamphlets could be sold at a low price as a missionary venture.

The advice of one interested bishop "to base everything on scripture and prove everything therefrom" has been scrupulously followed. Manuscripts were revised after criticism by a panel of readers including small-town housewives, parish priests, a young mother, a navy chaplain, a theology professor, an architect, the president of a large secular publishing firm and a medical student.

— R.E.C.

The Order Of The Holy Cross

West Park Notes

The Father Superior sailed on the 27th on the Queen Elizabeth to visit the Liberian Mission. He will confer with Sisters of the Holy Name at Malvern Link before going on to Sierra Leone.

Bishop Campbell left for Santa Barbara on the 25th.

Father Hawkins completed his retreats for Sisters of the Church, in Toronto and spoke

at Youth Conferences at Brantford, Ontario and Lewiston, N. Y.

Fr. Baldwin spoke to St. Anne's Guild of St. Stephen's Church, Plainfield, N. J. on the 15th. He flew to Alaska on the 21st for a series of missions, the date of one of which had to be changed because it conflicted with the annual caribou hunt.

Br. George preached in St. Andrew's Church, Baltimore on the 4th.

Fr. Bessom spoke about the Liberian Mission at the Ascension, Chicago, gave a retreat in Kenosha for the Sisters of St. Mary, and visited *Fr. Metcalf* in and preached at St. Paul's-on-the-Hill, St. Paul, Minn., in connection with the Bolahun Radio Project.

Fr. Terry held forth at St. George's in Phenectady, St. Andrew's, Woodhaven, and the Atonement, Brooklyn. He was preacher at the profession of Sister Alice, O.S.H., on the 7th.

Br. Michael left on the 27th for the West Coast, for a number of children's missions and a stay at Mt. Calvary, Santa Barbara.

Br. Charles was preacher at the Paterson, N. J. Acolytes' Festival on the 18th.

Christmas solemnities and pleasures were very much enjoyed at the Mother House. Boys from the Wiltwyck School visited the crib and were instructed and entertained. Mandingo man Richard Vafeni Kollie and Bandi man Festus Moli Halay were our guests. The former is a Bolahun graduate now studying pharmacy at Howard University on a Liberian scholarship. The latter is our pre-med at the University of Bridgeport. *Fr. Harris* was driven down in the early morning to keep the Christ Mass at Sing Sing, where the attendance was rewarding. The chauffeur was also preacher—*Br. Ambrose*.

February Outside Appointments

The Fr. Superior will sail on the 19th from Liverpool on the *Accra* for Freetown, S. L.

Fr. Hawkins will conduct meditations for the Massachusetts clergy at St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston on the 2nd. He will give retreats at South Kent, 10-11 and at the House of the Redeemer, 13-16.

Fr. Harris will conduct Clergy Quiet Days at Garden City on the 3rd and at Helmetta, N. J., on the 23rd.

Fr. Bessom will be at St. Andrew's, Kent on the 4th, will begin a mission at St. John's, East Hartford on the 8th, and will return once more to Connecticut for talks at the Corporate Communion of men and boys at Trinity, Seymour and at All Souls', Waterbury, the weekend of the 21-22nd. Festus Halay will be with him and will speak.

Fr. Terry conducts a School of Prayer at Grace Church, White Plains during the first week of the month then makes visits to Seabury-Western and Nashotah. He will speak at Lancaster, Ohio on the 16th and remain in the state to give Schools of Prayer at St. Michael's, Cincinnati, 21-23 and at St. Stephen's, 25-27, in the same city.

Br. Paul will take part in the School of Prayer at St. Luke's, N. Y. C., on the 4th.

Br. Charles will preach on the 7th at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Manhattan for the Acolytes' Festival. He will speak at a Youth Conference on the 8th at Christ Church, Warwick. He will give an illustrated talk on the Liberian Mission in Philadelphia on the 15th.

Deo volente ✠ *D.V.* ✠ *Dirige vestigia*



Mount Calvary

Christmas was observed at Mount Calvary with all the joyful ceremonies proper to that Holy Season. We had several guests, and the Sisters of the Holy Nativity from St. Mary's Retreat House together with their guests attended. We were able to have our dessert at Christmas dinner outside on the loggia facing the ocean,— so warm was the day. We have been able to do this every year except one during the ten years that we have been at Mount Calvary.

St. John's Day saw our first rain. The winter rains in southern California vary a great deal in the time of their arrival. They may begin in November or they may not come until February. Their arrival is a matter of great importance, as by the end of the year the ground and brush are very dry. We are very "fire-conscious" here. Santa Bar-

bára has known one disastrous fire, and last year a brushwood fire raged within a few miles of the House. So we welcome the first rains of the winter.

Speaking of brushwood and forest fire, there is one very interesting provision of Nature (or shall I say "of God") to reseed after a fire. There is a type of pine tree on the mountains whose cones will only explode and scatter their seed after having been subjected to great heat. Another interesting point is that these cones do not explode until several days after the fire has passed.

The fire wardens maintain watch-towers for sighting fires, and fire-breaks on the mountains are common. Another sad aftermath of a great brush-fire is the danger of floods, as the ground, denuded of brush, cannot hold the huge torrents of water that may ensue, especially if the heavy rains are close together.

In addition to Fr. Spencer, the Prior, there are stationed here Fr. Tiedemann, Fr. Packard, and Fr. Adams. We are also delighted to have Bishop Campbell for the winter and Bro. Michael is here also for a time, though most of his days are being spent in a series of missions in the Diocese of Sacramento and in other places.

As the active work of Mount Calvary is more limited than that of the other Houses of the Order, it is difficult to write interestingly. We are able to do a little preaching away from the House, the amount being largely determined by the fact that we try to keep three men at home. Most of our active work is devoted to giving of retreats here and at St. Mary's. At each of these Homes there is ordinarily a week-end retreat, and often one during the week. At our retreats we give two addresses in the morning, one in the afternoon and one in the evening. Our retreatants have their own chapel as well as



own library and common room. Thus "speakables" do not mingle with the "unspeakables" except at meals.

In closing our "Varia" we must record the death of Ray Skofield who built the wonderful House which is now Mount Calvary. He died on Thanksgiving Day and was buried a few days later from this House upon which he spent so much time in planning and to which he devoted so large a share of his

fortune. Many guests here will always be grateful to his vision of what a Spanish House could do. Mr. Skofield had an appreciative eye for views. On all sides of Mount Calvary we enjoy the most inspiring of scenes. Behind us are the Santa Ynez Mts.-before us the Pacific Ocean, and the Channel Islands, one of which is Santa Cruz. And we also here record our appreciation of all that his son Hobart Skofield has done to further his father's efforts and help us.

The Order of Saint Helena

Newburgh Notes

The Life Profession of Sister Alice, in St. George's Church, brought a happy gathering of her relatives, friends of the Order, and people from Holy Cross. The colonial church and convent reception room were the scenes of spiritual and other refreshment.

The Father Superior was celebrant of the Mass and received the Sister's vows. Fr. Taylor was deacon; Br. Francis, subdeacon; Fr. Smith, master of ceremonies; Bros. Anthony and Joseph, Servers; Frs. Belway and Ann, torchbearers. Arthur Hildebrandt of the Holy Communion, Paterson, N. J. made the fine old organ do its lovely best. Fr. Perry, friend of the family of the newly-professed, gave the sermon, which related the Religious Profession to our baptismal vows and to the oblation at each Eucharist.

It seems as if the number of visitors and retreatants of high school and college age is increasing. On Sunday, November 30 we were visited by a large group of young people from the Congregational Church in New Haven. They seemed eager to learn about the Religious Life as it is lived in the Episcopal Church, and they remained for Vespers and Benediction. Beginning on January 30 and continuing to Feb. 1st, Sr. Mary Florence conducted a retreat for students from Mount Holyoke College. Of a rather different nature was the visit on January 17th of the junior and senior Christian ethics class from Vassar College. Sr. Ignatia spoke to this group on the life and work of our Order,

relating the monastic way of life to the demands of the Christian ethic in general.

Sr. Josephine left for her rest in South Carolina on Jan. 20th. On Feb. 2nd she will speak to a meeting of the Daughters of the Holy Cross at Trinity Church in Columbia. Her talk is to be one in a special series under the general title, "What Women Can Do in the Work of the Church."

From Feb. 20 to 22nd she will again participate in the Vocational Guidance Conference for College Students of the Second Province held at Seabury House in Greenwich, Conn. Two of the students who attended last year's conference have since been visitors at the convent.

Sr. Mary Florence is scheduled for several events away from the convent during February. On the 3rd she will give a Quiet Evening (this seems to be a new twist for the traditional "Quiet Day"!) in Brooklyn for the District Woman's Auxiliary. On the 12th she is to conduct one evening of the school of prayer being held at St. Luke's Chapel, Hudson Street, in New York City. She will also give an afternoon session on prayer to the children. On the 25th she will be at the House of the Redeemer in New York City to act as secretary for the meeting of the Advisory Council of The Conference on the Religious Life.

Sr. Clare is to speak and show slides at St. Mary's Church in Sparta, N. J., on the 25th of February.

Versailles Notes



Many Holy Cross Magazine readers may have heard that the Sisters in Versailles had an automobile accident on Christmas Eve of 1958, and spent that Holy Night in the hospital. One Sister was seriously injured, three were bruised and cut, and the other two were bruised and shaken up, but hospitalized only for observation. Sister Josephine, our Assistant Superior, and Sister Elisabeth, who is a nurse, came down from the Mother House as soon as they could get away. Sister Josephine was able to stay till New Year's Eve, and Sister Elisabeth stayed till the injured Sisters no longer needed professional care. The Father Superior came for a visitation immediately after Sister Alice's Profession at the Mother House. We are deeply thankful that we were apparently preserved from permanent crippling effects, and that even the station wagon was repair-able. God put it into the hearts of many, many friends to rally round and help us with their time, their thoughtful care, their goods, their sympathy, and best of all their prayers. May He bless them all richly.

One happy part of the first week of the New Year was the gathering in chapel each afternoon of those who were up to listen to Father Whittlemore's recorded Mission. It was a strengthening healing experience for

the Community, and was shared by some of our family at school.

The Winter school term began, as scheduled, on the Feast of the Epiphany, with the offering of Mass by the Sisters, faculty and students. January is a month of concentrated purposeful knowledge in preparation for midyear examinations. The faculty is busy helping the girls, but their minds are also occupied with studying and planning for Conference Week, which comes immediately after exams. After the last examination, on January 30th this year, the girls got into a bus and went to Lexington for an afternoon of roller skating. Friday evening there were movies in Versailles, and then they turned their thoughts to the week ahead. Each one started to read the book assigned to her dealing with her special subject. The Conference Week subject this year is once more the Family, with the basic course given by Father Homer Rogers from Dallas, Texas.

We were all grateful for an evening of pure fun and grace, given us on January 17th by the members of Paints and Patches. Midwinter proved a delightful time to share in the poetic fancies of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream."



An Ordo of Worship and Intercession Feb. -- Mar. -- 1959

1st Sunday in Lent Double I Cl V col 2) Ash Wednesday cr pref of Lent until Passion Sunday unless otherwise directed—for the *Confraternity of the Christian Life*

Monday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the *Confraternity of the Love of God*

Tuesday V as on February 16—for all religious

Ember Wednesday V col 2) St Simeon BM 3) Ash Wednesday—for all in the seminaries

Thursday V as on February 16—for the sick, infirm and helpless

Ember Friday V col 2) Ash Wednesday—for those to be ordained

Ember Saturday V col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the *Seminarists Associate*

2nd Sunday in Lent Double I Cl V col 2) St Joseph of Arimathea C 3) Ash Wednesday cr for our *President and country*

St Peter Damian BCD Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for the right use of Holy Penance

St Matthias Ap Double II Cl R gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr pref of Apostles for all the Bishops

Wednesday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for all who mourn

Thursday V as on February 25—for the youth work of the Church

Friday V as on February 25—for doctors, nurses and hospital workers

Saturday V as on February 25—for the life and work of the Order

March 1 3d Sunday in Lent Double I Cl V col 2) St David BC 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for the Welsh church and nation

2 Monday V Proper Mass col 2) St Chad BC 3) Ash Wednesday—for the *Companions of the Order*

3 Tuesday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the *Order of St Helena*

4 Wednesday V as on March 3—for the *Holy Cross Liberian Mission*

5 Thursday V as on March 3—for our enemies

6 SS Perpetua and Felicitas MM Double R gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday—for the return of the lapsed

7 St Thomas Aquinas CD Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for all teachers in theological schools

8 4th (Refreshment) Sunday in Lent Double I Cl V or Rose col 2) Ash Wednesday cr—for chaplains and all in the armed forces

9 Monday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for the *Society of St Stephen* for deaconesses

0 Tuesday Proper Mass col 2) Forty Martyrs of Sebaste 3) Ash Wednesday — for the *Armenian church and nation*

11 Wednesday V as on March 9—for the *Oblates of Mt Calvary*

12 St Gregory the Great BCD Double W gl col 2) feria 3) Ash Wednesday cr—for all musicians of the Church

13 Friday V as on March 9—for the *reunion of Christendom*

14 Saturday V as on March 9—for just peace in the world

15 Passion Sunday Double I Cl V col 2) Ash Wednesday cr in Masses of the season till Easter omit Psalm in preparation Gloria there and at Introit and Lavabo—for a devout *Passiontide*

16 Monday V Proper Mass col 2) Ash Wednesday—for all schools of the Church

Note on lesser Doubles in Lent Mass may be of the feria V col 2) feast 3) Ash Wednesday

. . . Press Notes . . .

This is a report. We are happy to report to our readers that the month of December was one of the busiest months we have had in a long time. The November business was rather slow, but the "Christmas rush" came along and we were quite busy filling orders.

December is always a busy time in the subscription department of the Press, as so many hundreds of Gift subscriptions expire at that time. Notices of expiration had been mailed out in November as reminders and we are pleased at the prompt response to these notices. In order to get the renewals processed and gift cards out before Christmas, we had to hire extra help. And right here I wish to ask you to let us know if any mistakes were made in handling the renewals. Six separate steps are necessary to complete each subscription and it is very easy to miss out on something; we have even found that we failed to make a stencil for mailing. Fortunately these errors have been very few. But should you know of some one not getting the Magazine as you intended will you please inform us?

All the gift expirations have not been renewed, nor have we received word of cancellation on them. A reminder will be sent eventually to the donors. Later on we will approach those not renewed asking if they will carry the subscription as their own. We do not like to lose even one subscriber. If you are a donor and have not renewed, please give it some thought and decide to continue.

And THANKS for all the NEW Gift Subscriptions and the NEW personal ones. We had a larger number of these than we have had for several years.

The 1959 ORDO is ready for distribution. The delay in mailing previous orders was caused by delay in the printing shop. Sorry if you thought we had forgotten your order.

AN ANGLICAN MONK'S STORY . . .

A pamphlet written about a young man entering the life of a Monastery.

This was prepared for distribution at the Religious Orders Booth at General Convention and for use of the various Orders for Monks in the Church. It is illustrated with pictures of the various Orders, each showing some phase of the life in an Order. So many people wonder what happens when a man enters as a postulant and this is the story of such a postulant and novice. It is ten cents a copy.

These notes were written on the Feast of the Epiphany—the end of the feast days with the special programs and changes of hours. After so many days of the different times and schedule (since Christmas) it is difficult to settle back into the regular routine of rising earlier and fewer services AND special times in the refectory. After so many occasions of talking meals and eating leisurely the routine of silent meals and the reading comes as an abrupt change, but a really welcome one. It is pleasant to talk at table, but it is also a help to one's being to have that period of quiet and often great guidance is given in the reading. I suppose by the end of Lent we all will be glad to have the feast days with us again. So it is with us here, and we pray that your Lenten Season will be a very spiritually helpful season with Our Lord.

